



I Know Not Death



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The original piece of poem

Death, the foreigner who strikes fear in every man
Death, the shadow who lingers over every man
'I know not thee,' I said
Unaware of its power
'I am your end,' it said,
'Waiting for you in the pyre,'

The fear struck me and stayed with me forever.
I refused to believe and heard him scorn.
'Go away,' I said,
Refusing to accompany him.
'I am you and you are me,' he said.
Forcing me to believe in him.

They told me Death is an ultimate end,
Everyone faces him, he
Is a mystery they said, unknown
To even those who believe in him.

I grew up amidst his ever growing presence
I gathered my courage to face him.
But every time the shrouded figure stood before me,
I crumbled with fear, shaken.

'I know not thee,' I said.
Unaware of his power.
'I am Death', he said

'The shadow of your Sire.'

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Biography of Author

	<p>I am a final year student of English hons in Amity University, Lucknow, India. I am passionate about writing and literature. My first poem, titled 'Farewell', was published in the annual magazine of my school, Loreto Convent, Lucknow. Another one of my poems was published in a major daily newspaper of the city. I also write short stories. I am currently working on a research paper titled 'The Indian Dream: Arvind Adiga's Quest for Identity and the Rich and Poor Divide in <i>The White Tiger</i>.'</p>
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